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Messages from the Eighth Month

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Messages from the Eighth Month
for Lismore

Tell them

Anger swoops through the high August blue,
cleaving the currents of human myth.
No bell-chime warblers now,
these pied attackers
whip-crack the clean-glass air,
unsuspecting feet disclosing their vulnerability.
The shards of protection break around gesturing arms.
Plodding foot-falls become express-train legs.

The sun is a scar
in the dome of sky
bleeding the valley below.
The truths of parched bones
push through the secrets of creeks
as the songs of cicadas
crack the spine of earth,
falling children
becoming flares for the molten core.

Tell them

As the hinge to the new year,
August bends the other side of paradise,
revealing the disquiet of mortality.
The magician of the eighth moon
extracts his show-time props:
 pills, rope and long plastic hose.
He waves his toxic hands
over the sum of us,
pulling the curtain down on a few.
He delivers their flesh
to the applause of dust and ashes.

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